

GREEN MOUNT CEMETERY



*One Hundredth
Anniversary*

1838 • 1938



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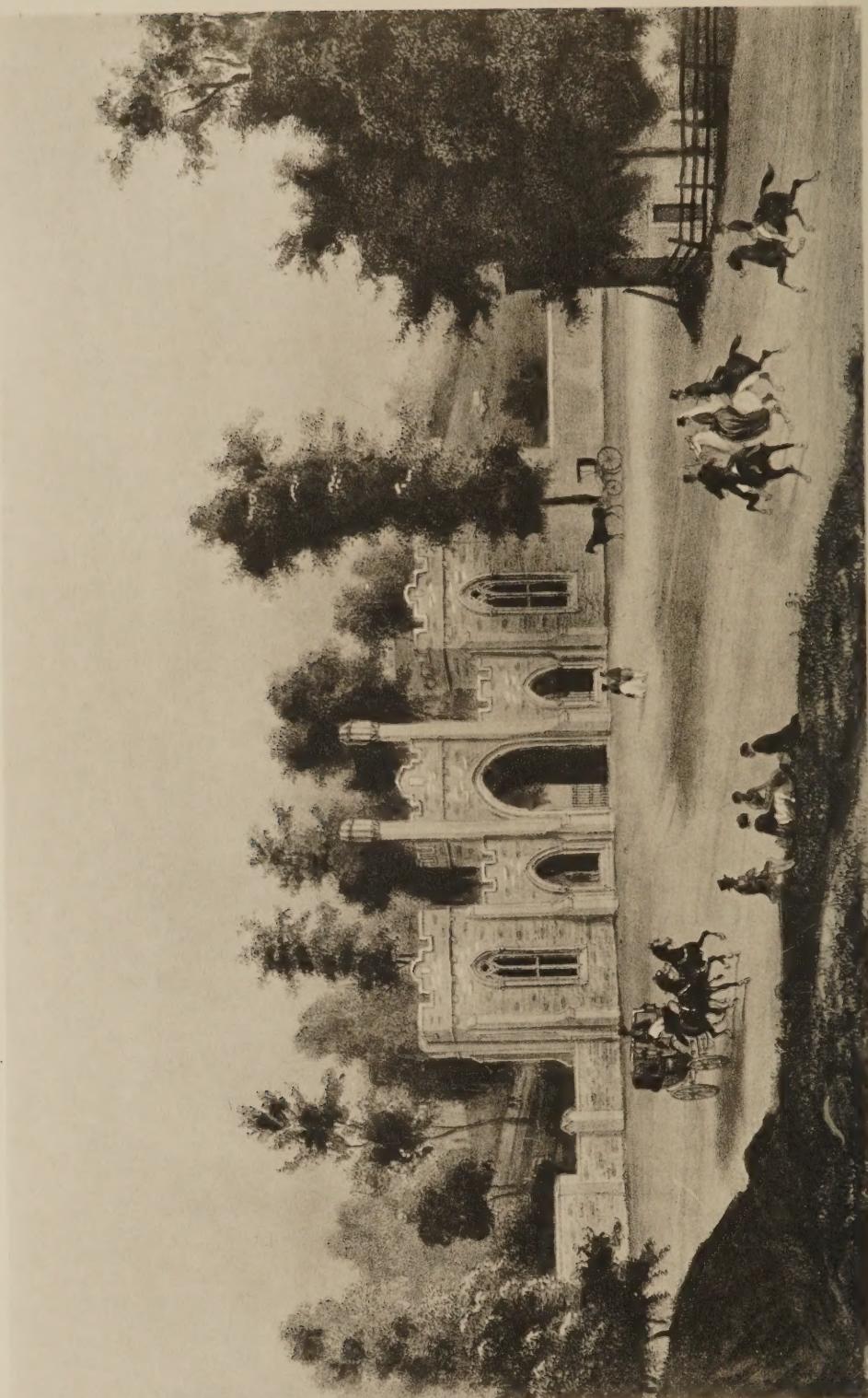
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Entrance to Green Mount Cemetery, Baltimore, Md., 1838



GREEN MOUNT CEMETERY

One Hundredth Anniversary



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THE PROPRIETORS
OF THE

GREEN MOUNT CEMETERY
BALTIMORE

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Entrance to Green Mount Cemetery, Baltimore, Md., 1938

An Introduction to the HISTORY OF GREEN MOUNT

by GERALD W. JOHNSON

WHEN ROBERT OLIVER, like the Thane of Cawdor, lived, a prosperous gentleman, he may have cherished hopes that his beautiful estate at the northern edge of the city of Baltimore would become historic; but the worthy merchant could not have imagined how the verdant hill, which he called Green Mount, was to become the very center and shrine of the city's history, the spot around which its countless memories cluster, the sad ones and the gay, the great and the petty, the glorious and those dreadful to recall.

But now that Robert Oliver has been dead for more than a hundred years, the lovely spot where he took his ease at the end of the day has become the place of rest of such a company as he neither saw nor dreamed of; for to Green Mount have come scores of those who made the history of this city glamourous and colorful. No such distinguished company has ever been received by any other estate in the city; for here are gathered the eminent men and women, not of a generation, but of a century. Generals and statesmen, artists and poets, philosophers, empire builders, women whose beauty dazzled a generation, women whose beneficence brightened an age, good people, bad people, high and low, ancient men and infants, the wife of a king and the assassin of a Presi-

dent—they have come to Robert Oliver's emerald lawn in such numbers that one is tempted to say of Green Mount, "Thou hast drawne together all the farre stretchéd greatness, all the pride, crueltie, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*"

Yet if the truth were known it is probably not the assemblage of brilliant names that makes this spot in a sense the emotional center of the city. It represents journey's end for the great, for the famous and for the merely notorious, it is true; but it is the resting-place of a vast number of others, who did nothing spectacular, who were merely honest men and virtuous women, whose work created no flaring headlines in the newspapers, created nothing except a great and powerful city rich, not merely in money, but also in honorable tradition. There is hardly an old family in Baltimore that has not reason to regard this wide stretch of green grass and noble trees as a shrine, not because of the famous names written on its records, but on account of some quiet man, some modest woman, whose real worth went unsuspected by the world, but left a store of gracious memories cherished by a small circle. These far outnumber those whom the world regards as the illustrious, but they are unknown to strangers; therefore the greater part of Green Mount's wealth of memories goes unperceived, like the berg whose glittering summit is only a small part of the great mass below the surface.

Hence any account that purports to be a history of Green Mount—in the common usage of the city it has been reduced to one word, but that is not correct—must of necessity be, not merely incomplete, but must, in fact, leave untold far more than it tells. To estimate all that

this spot means to the city of Baltimore is beyond the power of human computation. It is possible to record only a few of the high lights, only the more conspicuous incidents in its hundred years, leaving to the reader's imagination the task of grappling with the greater part of that story. Yet the part of the history that is public property is so glamourous, so crowded with interest, so representative of the romantic story of Baltimore that one guessing at what remains untold must be filled with wonder.

This, then, is not the history of Green Mount, but merely an outline of that history—an outline which almost every family that has been Baltimorean for generations can fill in out of its own experience and traditions, as regards its own record.

It was on March 15, 1838, that the records at Annapolis received an entry beginning, "Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That William Gwynn, Robert Morgan Gibbes, Fielding Lucas, Junior, John S. Skinner, John S. Lafitte, Samuel D. Walker and John H. B. Latrobe, and their successors be, and they are hereby created a body politic and corporate, by the name and title of the Proprietors of the Green Mount Cemetery, and by that name shall have perpetual succession, and shall be able and liable to sue and be sued in any court," etc.

This was the beginning of Green Mount, but not until a year later, July 13, 1839, was the spot formally dedicated to its purpose.

It was a great day in the history of the city when the crowds filed out on that lovely Saturday afternoon to the spot where the exercises were to be held in the open air,

under the shade of great forest trees. The fact that the town appreciated the noteworthy character of the occasion is attested by the persons who participated. It was no collection of obscurities who gathered near the residence of the late Robert Oliver. The dignitaries of the city were there and the program included such unusual items as hymns written by two lawyers, one the chief counsel of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and an oration by one of the most eminent American novelists of the day, who happened to be a Congressman, also.

But this was regarded as nothing unusual in the Baltimore of 1839. The city was full of many-sided men; it was perhaps the period when Baltimore came closest to feeling a touch of the spirit of the Renaissance. Intellectually, as well as commercially, it was a strong and vibrant city, whose citizens looked forward blithely and confidently to a golden future. In a hundred and ten years it had already risen from an obscure Indian trading post to the position of second city in the United States. The Federal census of the next year was to give it a population of 102,313, while Boston and Philadelphia had only a little over 93,000 each. But Baltimore was interested in much more than mere size. The Delphian Club, indeed, had faded away, but the intellectual and artistic movement of which that extraordinary institution was an expression was still strong in the town and its people were alive to the currents of thought everywhere. An interesting evidence of the town's alertness appears in the program of this very day. The Baltimore Musical Association began the exercises by singing a chorale from an oratorio not yet three years old; the lines are familiar enough to modern singers:

Sleepers wake, a voice is calling,
It is the watchman on the walls:
Thou city of Jerusalem!
For lo! the bridegroom comes!
Arise, and take your lamps!
Hallelujah!
Awake, His kingdom is at hand,
Go forth to meet your Lord!

but on July 13, 1839, it was the very newest thing, for it was less than two years before that the great Mr. Felix Mendelssohn, the musical giant of the times, had introduced it to the English-speaking world at Birmingham, England, where he had conducted his oratorio, "St. Paul"—and Baltimore had taken note.

The invocation was by the Rev. Dr. William Edward Wyatt, rector of St. Paul's Church. It was the day of florid oratory, when the fanciful and the dismal were both much admired. The Rev. Dr. Wyatt did not altogether escape from the influence of the times, for his prayer is replete with references to dirges and abysses and charnel-houses; but he was, after all, a man of taste and intelligence and plainly a sincere man, too. So, if he followed the fashion a little, he never followed it far enough to lapse into mere ranting, as many of his contemporaries were in the habit of doing. On the contrary, even in the cold and skeptical light of modern times, there is real eloquence, as well as dignity, in his opening and closing sentences:

"Our Father in Heaven, we who dwell in houses of clay, and are crushed before the moth, approach to render homage to Him that inhabiteth eternity. Strangers and pilgrims as we are upon the earth, we would lay the

foundations of a city of the dead. And taught by this narrow field, destined to be the receptacle of successive generations, we discern the vanity and frailty of our nature, and we take refuge at the foot of Thy throne, O Most Mighty, Creator of the ends of the earth, whose judgments are a great deep. . . . And, when Thou shalt stand at the latter day upon the earth, and the mountains shall quake, and the hills shall melt, may the awakening inhabitants of this city of the dead, through Thy merits and intercession, O blessed Lord Jesus, have a building of God, a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

After the prayer the chorus, abandoning Mendelssohn, turned instead to John Hazelhurst Boneval Latrobe, the railroad lawyer, who, following the precedent set for his profession by Francis Scott Key, could pass from torts to verse with graceful ease. The poem written by him for this occasion—"sung to the tune of the 100th Psalm," says the printed account of the proceedings—was adequate, if not distinguished verse. Incidentally, in the printed account of the celebration is included another poem, written some years later, by Severn Teackle Wallis, another lawyer. It is easy to imagine that in a city whose lawyers were poets, whose politicians were novelists, the merchants, in Scriptural phrase, were princes and the traffickers the honorable of the earth.

John Pendleton Kennedy, the orator of the day, like Cimabue and Niccolo Amati, is better known for his pupils' work than for his own. He was no inconsiderable person in 1839—Congressman, and on his way to the Cabinet, friend of Thackeray, whom he had helped with *The Virginians*, and himself the author of an im-



Chapel from Entrance Road



Interior of Chapel



Mausoleum

mensely successful novel, *Horseshoe Robinson*, in which he repeated in Maryland the comic effects produced by Judge Haliburton in Nova Scotia and Judge Longstreet in Georgia, he was also the founder of a school. Seven years previously he had published *Swallow Barn*, a novel forgotten today, although widely read at the time, but which possesses interest for literary archaeologists because it was the first story of Southern plantation life written in the romantic style that persisted right down to Thomas Nelson Page. Two years after his speech at Green Mount, this same man was to steer through the treacherous Congressional currents the bill appropriating \$30,000 to assist Morse in building the first telegraph line.

Kennedy was a typical Silver Tongue and on this occasion he gave free rein to his riotous imagination. Lacking the judicious restraint of the Rev. Dr. Wyatt, his oration today is more curious than moving; but there is in it one passage certainly worth reproducing, if only because it sounds incredible to a generation that has known Green Mount only as buried in the heart of the city. Looking over the scene before him in 1839, Kennedy could say:

“I know not where the eye may find more pleasing landscapes than those which surround us. Here, within our enclosures, how aptly do these sylvan embellishments harmonize with the design of the place!—this venerable grove of ancient forest; this lawn, shaded with the choicest trees; that green meadow, where the brook creeps through the thicket begemmed with wild flowers; those embowered alleys and pathways hidden in shrubbery, and that grassy knoll studded with evergreens and sloping to the cool dell where the fountain ripples over its pebbly bed:—all hemmed in by yon natural screen of

foliage which seems to separate this beautiful spot from the world and devote it to the tranquil uses to which it is now to be applied. Beyond the gate that guards these precincts, we gaze upon a landscape rife with all the charms that hill and dale, forest-clad heights and cultivated fields may contribute to enchant the eye. That stream which northward cleaves the woody hills, comes murmuring to our feet, rich with the reflections of the bright heaven and the green earth [this was the orator's vision of Jones' Falls in 1839]; then leaping along between its granite banks, hastens toward the city whose varied outline of tower, steeple and dome, gilded by the evening sun and softened by the haze, seems to sleep in perspective against the southern sky: and there, fitly stationed within our view, that noble column, destined to immortality from the name it bears, lifts high above the ancient oaks that crown the hill the venerable form of the Father of His Country, a majestic image of the deathlessness of virtue.

“Though scarce an half hour's walk from yon living mart, where one hundred thousand human beings toil in their noisy crafts, here the deep quiet of the country reigns, broken by no ruder voice than such as marks the tranquillity of rural life,—the voice of ‘birds on branches warbling,’—the lowing of distant cattle, and the whetting of the mower's scythe. Yet tidings of the city not unpleasantly reach the ear in the faint murmur which, at intervals, is borne hither upon the freshening breeze, and more gratefully still in the deep tones of that cathedral bell,

Swinging slow, with sullen roar,

as morning and noon, and richer at eventide, it flings its

pealing melody across these shades with an invocation that might charm the lingering visitor to prayer."

Mr. Kennedy, winding up in a fine flourish with the last nine lines of "Thanatopsis," gave way to the chorus, which sang to the tune of Pleyel's "German Hymn" verses by Francis H. Davidge, another lawyer and a son of the celebrated Dr. John B. Davidge. The son was happier in his place of residence than the father; for when Dr. Davidge, thirty years earlier, had undertaken to begin formal medical education in Baltimore, the hall he used for his lectures was wrecked by a mob and he had to transfer his activities to the county almshouse. Science and the arts had come far in Baltimore since those old, unhappy days, until now when a well-trained chorus sang to contemporary music—Pleyel had been dead only eight years—Davidge's words:

Fount of mercies—source of love,
List the hymns we raise to Thee;
From Thy holy throne above,
Heedful of our worship be.

Here—when wearied pilgrims cease
O'er life's chequered scenes to roam,
May their ashes rest in peace,
Till Thy voice shall call them home.

The Rev. J. G. Hamner, pastor of the Fifth Presbyterian Church, pronounced the benediction that concluded the ceremonies.

Obviously, no such elaborate ceremonial, involving the participation of people of such prominence could have been arranged for the inauguration of a mere com-

mercial enterprise. This Green Mount was not. It was a civic enterprise and the whole city recognized it for what it was. Although a small group constituted the corporation and had charge of its affairs, the town from the very beginning regarded Green Mount in somewhat the same light in which it regarded the city's churches—legally, the possession of certain trustees, but in every other sense the property of the city.

This view of the institution was amply justified by the charter, which was carefully drawn to bar the profit-making motive forever. It provided, first, that the proprietors might realize from the sale of lots the sum of \$65,000 to pay the notes given as part of the purchase price to the heirs of Robert Oliver; after that, they might set up a surplus fund of \$40,000; and after that, all further sums realized from the sale of lots were to be divided, two-fifths to be devoted *exclusively* to the purposes of the cemetery, one-fifth to go to the common schools of Baltimore city, one-fifth "to promoting the cause of Sunday schools" and the remaining fifth to establishing a Seamen's Home and Apprentices' Library. Under these restrictions it was impossible to pay one dollar of the cemetery funds into any private hands save those of the holders of the notes; nor has a dollar ever been so paid.

It was originally intended, however, to make the cemetery a sort of mutual-benefit association, in which lot-holders would elect the management by ballot. That was to come about when the last of the outstanding notes, representing the purchase price, had been paid. It has never come about and the cemetery to this day is governed by the successors of the original proprietors. The device by which this was effected is simple—a few of the notes have never been paid. Successive pro-



Severn Tackle Wallis, Lawyer, Orator, Political Reformer



Lucas Family, Publishers for Three Generations



W. H. Rinehart, Sculptor. "The Sleeping Endymion"



Riggs Family

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prietors have purchased them from their predecessors and have refused to present them for payment. Membership on the board therefore means tying up a certain amount of money; but so highly is the position regarded that for a hundred years there has never been any lack of Baltimoreans who would readily put up the money and faithfully refuse to receive it back until their service ended and they could sell the note to their successors. As a matter of fact, it has usually been the proprietor's heirs who have sold the note, for a proprietor of Green Mount Cemetery, unless he is physically incapacitated, usually serves to the end of his life.

In 1840 the theoretical provision that the schools should receive one-fifth of the cemetery's funds was replaced by another that, in 1938, is quite as remarkable. That share was dedicated to promoting the cause of temperance.

Winter had fallen on Green Mount before the first actual interment was made there. In December the turf was broken for the reception of the first eternal resident of the city of the dead; but the mourners bore to the spot none of the great, the wise, or the rich, but a little maid, Olivia Cushing Whitridge, two years, two months and twenty days old, daughter of a Baltimore physician. It was a circumstance that has had imaginative Baltimoreans, from Severn Teackle Wallis to Letitia Stockett, moralizing and philosophizing. It was this event that moved Wallis to break into verse:

The city of the dead hath thrown wide its gates at last,
And, through the cold gray portal, a fun'ral train
hath passed—

One grave—the first—is open, and on its lonely bed
Some heir of sin and sorrow hath come to lay his head.

Perchance a hero cometh, whose chaplet, in its bloom,
Hath fallen from his helmet, to wither on his tomb:
It may be that hot youth comes—it may be we behold
Here, broken at the cistern, pale beauty's bowl of gold.

But stay, behold the sepulchre! nor age, nor strength is there;
Nor fame, nor pride, nor manhood, those lagging mourners bear;
A little child is with them, as pale and pure as snow
Her mother's tears not dry yet, upon her gentle brow!

Green home of future thousands! how blest in sight of heaven
Are these, the tender firstlings, that death to thee has given!
Though prayer and solemn anthem have echoed from thy hill,
This first, fresh grave of childhood, hath made thee holier still!

Without a doubt, during the hundred years that have passed since that funeral, the fact that the first grave in Green Mount Cemetery was that of a child has been of advantage to the institution. There is something charming in the realization that this place, in spite of all the illustrious and powerful whom it has received, began as the resting place of the beloved dead who were beloved

without regard for strength, or fame, or riches. Yet even little Olivia did not fail to contribute to Green Mount a touch of distinction, for two of the names she bore, Cushing and Whitridge, for a century have meant something both in the scientific and in the cultural history of Baltimore.

Modern Baltimore affects different visitors in different ways, but not many would describe it, upon casual observation, as a romantic town. Perhaps it is not today, although appearances are notoriously deceptive; but certainly in 1839 it was romantic. If the burial of a child could move a leader of the bar to writing in rhyme, the less distinguished members of the populace were not slow to weave their own romances about Green Mount. The luckless Olivers were the first victims of this tendency of the Baltimoreans to erect a local mythology. It was an age when the Byronic influence was still strong and gloom was much admired. People still read *The Castle of Otranto* and the grisly was frequently accounted "elegant," so it is not strange that the first tale fabricated around Green Mount should have been one of terror and gloom.

It concerned a supposititious daughter of Robert Oliver, who was said to have fallen in love with a young man of low degree whom her father's pride forbade him to tolerate. The young man was forbidden the place on pain of death, but the lovers continued to meet clandestinely. Something warned the suspicious father, and one night, when his daughter, disguised in boy's clothes, was slipping out to a tryst, he caught sight of a figure in the shadows which he assumed to be that of the young man. He fired; but when he found the body of his daughter, dead at his hand, all his pride in his beautiful

estate turned into horror and he swore that thenceforth it should forever belong to the dead.

The difficulty in accepting this high-flavored romance arises from the fact that Robert Oliver had only four daughters, two of whom died in infancy, and therefore could not have had lovers, while the other two married, lived long, and raised families, therefore could not have been shot.

The very existence of the legend, however, shows what a grip upon the imagination of the town the cemetery had. Unquestionably this impression was heightened by the erection of a stone wall, eight and a half feet high, all around the place, and especially by the elaborate entrance of native grey stone, which Robert Carey Long, architect of the cemetery, built with pointed archways flanked by two battlemented towers forty feet high. This gateway, erected within a year or two after the dedication, cost the proprietors \$10,500, a prodigious sum for those days, and, together with the wall, which accounted for \$27,000 more, gave an impression not of magnificence, only, but also of solemnity. This gateway is far from according with the taste of modern times, yet in the course of a century it has weathered handsomely and even today the castle-like structure is dignified and curiously harmonious with an old and historic spot.

Within the wall the ground had been laid out in five thousand lots, most of them sixteen by twenty feet, and a mausoleum "in the Egyptian style" had been erected for temporary reception of the dead. The Gothic chapel that crowns the hill now came fifteen years later.

Thirteen years after the dedication Green Mount received a tenant whose name is still significant in the



Booth Family, Actors. Junius Brutus Booth and his son John Wilkes Booth



Elizabeth Patterson (Betsy Patterson), Wife of Prince Jerome Bonaparte

year of the cemetery's centenary. This was the great Junius Brutus Booth who as a tragedian in England had been rivalled only by Kean and who had no rival in this country; and who carries the singular distinction of having fathered two sons, one of whom bore perhaps the greatest, and the other perhaps the most infamous name in American theatrical annals. In 1852 the elder Booth died, after exhibiting both the genius he transmitted to his son Edwin, and the madness that he transmitted to his son John Wilkes. With his interment in the Booth family plot, Green Mount began to collect its shrines of national and international interest.

Two years earlier, however, death had overtaken another eminent Baltimorean whose bones were destined to lie in Green Mount although they were not transferred there until ten years after his death, in 1850. This was John McDonogh, first of the great philanthropists whose benefactions were to add to the lustre of the city. At the time, it is true, few people thought of McDonogh as a great man. He had left his native city long before and had removed to New Orleans, where he had made a fortune as a merchant, but had won no appreciable measure of affection or respect from the citizenry. He was an eccentric, regarded by most of the town as a miser. Therefore the sensation was prodigious when at his death it was revealed that he had left his large estate to various charities, one of them being a school for poor boys in Baltimore. It was not to be absolutely a free school; one payment was exacted from the boys, to wit, that they should occasionally lay a flower on John McDonogh's grave. The school still flourishes, and the payment is still made faithfully. Once a year the McDonogh cadets march to Green Mount Cemetery,

there to scatter flowers on the tomb of the strange old man.

Five years after Booth another came to Green Mount whom the world had hardly assessed at his true value. This was Moses Sheppard, sometime errand boy in the grocery of John Mitchell, on Cheapside, then Mitchell's partner, then the builder of a tobacco inspection warehouse at Light Street Wharf. Here was one of the first of the princely merchants, whose combination of astuteness and charity has added honor to the name of Baltimore all over the world. The remarkable thing about Sheppard, the self-made man, was the way in which his social vision penetrated far beyond that of most of his contemporaries. Dorothea Lynde Dix had begun her great career fifteen years before Sheppard died, but she was still taken none too seriously by hard-headed business men. Most of them knew her as an enthusiastic and idealistic Yankee woman, sincere enough, no doubt, but as crazy as most of the people in whose behalf she was working. But Moses Sheppard didn't see her, or at any rate her work, in that light. Somehow the former grocer's errand boy saw what was hidden from some of the wisest men of his generation, namely, the terrific social implications of mental illness.

How he attained that vision is one of the mysteries of personality, which no one can unravel, but attain it he did. When his will was read, it was found that he had left the bulk of his estate to found an institution where the mentally afflicted were to be not merely kept, but studied. He founded, not an asylum, but a hospital, which from the day of its opening to this has continued to study and, in a vast number of cases, to cure the patients it has received.



Moses Sheppard, Founder of Sheppard Hospital

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*Enoch Pratt, Founder of Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital and
Enoch Pratt Library*



Wm. T. Walters and Henry Walters, Founders of Walters Art Gallery

Johns Hopkins, Founder of University and Hospital

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JOHNS HOPKINS
BORN IN
MOUNTAIN COUNTY MARYLAND
DIED IN BETHLEHEM
12th MONTH 15th 1795.
12th MONTH 24th 1873.
HE WAS THE FOUNDER
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Four years after the death of Moses Sheppard there began to come to Green Mount many, far too many, from the best families of Baltimore, but not the heads of the great houses, white-headed men, full of years and honors. These were youths, some of them mere striplings, all of them but lately in the very prime of life, full of health and vigor. They were the dreadful harvest of the battle-fields.

Baltimore's was the hard fate of a border city in the Civil War. A large part of the population was Southern in its sympathies, so the place was strongly garrisoned by the Federal Army. No institution in the city altogether escaped the rigors of the time, not even the cemetery. A captain fell at Gettysburg. He was William D. Brown, of the Chesapeake Artillery, the son of a distinguished family in Baltimore, a brave officer and an honorable man. His body was brought back for interment in the family plot in Green Mount—but as the funeral party returned, a file of General Schenck's soldiers at the gate arrested the male members; for the captain's uniform had been gray and even to give honorable burial to a Confederate was a crime in the eyes of the military masters of the town.

But it was after Lee had surrendered that the shot was fired that hurt Baltimore more than it had been damaged by all the fighting. For Abraham Lincoln fell at the hands of John Wilkes Booth, of Baltimore, and in the universal execration of the deed the perpetrator's city was not spared.

Four years later, when time had somewhat assuaged the violence of the first passion, Edwin Booth, head of the family, approached the authorities of Green Mount on the subject of removing his brother's body to the

family plot. They were confronted with the fact that, after all, it was his right, but they urged upon Edwin Booth one condition to which, in the circumstances, he was willing enough to accede; this was that the removal and reinterment should be accomplished secretly. It was done, and to this day only the cemetery authorities know the exact spot where lie the remains of the man who killed Lincoln.

Just as the year 1873 was drawing to a close the records of Green Mount received the name that has spread farther toward the ends of the earth than that of any other resident of the city. It was that of Johns Hopkins, merchant. It is, of course, not his own accomplishments that have made this shrewd Quaker trader immortal, but the achievements of a vast number of other men, an astonishingly large number of them great men, whose energies Hopkins released. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Johns Hopkins saw, ahead of any other American, the need of the future. "There will always be youth," he said, "therefore a university. There will always be suffering; therefore a hospital."

He had been a friend and admirer of another great Baltimorean, George Peabody, and said himself that he had been influenced toward public philanthropy by the example of Peabody. But the extraordinary intelligence he exhibited in selecting the men to administer his bequests and the still more extraordinary courage he exhibited in leaving them free to act according to their best judgment after his death, he did not acquire from Peabody. These were the factors that contributed most to making the \$7,000,000 he donated to found a university and a hospital tremendously successful. It was a colossal fortune, for those days. But the success of the

Johns Hopkins University and the Johns Hopkins Hospital has been even greater than the fortune that founded them.

More than that, their success set a fashion in American philanthropy. Johns Hopkins unquestionably turned the minds of many other rich men toward the endowment of education and research. So the tomb in Green Mount today is not merely that of a local hero, but that of the man who was the founder, not of local institutions alone, but in large measure of the modern American university system; for it was here that Gilman and his associates set up the first institution devoted primarily to higher studies.

Less than a year after Johns Hopkins, whose name means science, had been borne to Green Mount, another came whose name has meant art to a long succession of Baltimore youth. This was William H. Rinehart, the farm boy of Union Bridge, who vastly irritated his practical-minded father by making a clay bust of his mother while the horses and plow rested under a tree. But the mother understood that here was genius, not laziness, and stood by him. Later a marble quarry was opened on the farm and the boy had practice in stone work; then, at 21, he was apprenticed to Baughman and Bevan, Baltimore stone-cutters, where in two years he was foreman.

Here the elder Walters—eagle-eyed wherever an artist was concerned—discovered him and made it possible for him to go to Rome to study. There he spent most of the rest of his life; but he is represented in this country by the bronze doors of the Capitol at Washington, which he finished, and in Green Mount by the Sleeping Children on the Sisson lot, the Love Reconciled With Death on the Walters lot, and others. His finest memorial, how-

ever, is the Rinehart School of Sculpture in the Maryland Institute, which was established with the money his success had brought him, and which has opened the way to artistic careers for many other boys who, like him, were born with genius, but not with money.

Not long afterward—in 1877—there came to Green Mount a man curiously little known to the general public beyond Baltimore, but known to the industry which he moulded all over the world. This was Ross Winans, a New Jersey farmer who became the friend of an emperor in achieving one of the most colorful careers in the history of Baltimore. Winans was an inventive genius who, like Edison, was also a shrewd business man. He made a tremendous fortune out of building and developing railroads. To his alert and resourceful mind is attributable much of the success of the Baltimore and Ohio, America's first railroad. Among other things, he invented the four-wheel truck; to him occurred the idea of resting the weight of a railroad car on the outside of the wheel—the so-called "Winans journal"—and he gave railroads friction wheels, coal-burning grates and camel-back locomotives.

The fascinating part of his career to other than railroad men began when the then Czar of Russia determined to build railroads in his empire and demanded an American engineer. Winans was sent. He constructed the backbone of the Russian railroad system, the great line from St. Petersburg—now Leningrad—to Moscow, and so pleased the emperor that he was rewarded with great riches. His headquarters, during this Russian adventure, were in a little town near the capital called Alexandroff-sky. His attention during that stay was not concentrated entirely on railroads; he found time to observe



Ferdinand C. Latrobe, seven times Mayor of Baltimore



Sidney Lanier, Poet. Gravestone from Georgia



*Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Major General in Confederate Army
Robert McLane, Mayor of Baltimore*



European culture, and he collected an astonishing number and variety of works of art which he brought back with him. Here was an earlier Walters, who brought back his treasure too soon; for Baltimore was not ready to accept European art, and the Winans estate on West Baltimore Street—named Alexandroffsky, after the Russian town—excited more ribaldry than appreciation until Winans, in disgust, cut it off from public view with a high brick wall. Nevertheless, he adds to Green Mount an exotic element, a touch of adventure reminiscent of the story of Aladdin.

It was two years after the death of Winans, however, that Green Mount saw the last chapter of the most romantic story ever lived out in Baltimore. In 1879 the girl who defied the Emperor Napoleon was laid to rest here—Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, wife of the sometime King of Westphalia.

The story of Betsy Patterson is one of those rare chronicles of real life that bear all the appearance of having been devised by some writer of romance. She was the first of the four celebrated Beauties of Baltimore in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when being a Beauty was a career in itself. Her father was the shrewd, hard-headed, Scotch-Irish merchant, William Patterson, who, landing as a penniless immigrant boy in 1766, was described by President Jefferson in 1803 as the richest man in Maryland, Charles Carroll alone excepted. This was the year in which Napoleon's seagoing brother, Jerome Bonaparte, after an ill-starred naval enterprise in the West Indies, landed in this country to avoid British cruisers, and accepted the invitation of his sometime comrade in the French service, Commander Joshua Barney, to visit Baltimore.

Supreme Court Justice Samuel Chase introduced the pair and a romance swiftly developed, to the undisguised horror of both Pichon, the French Ambassador, and William Patterson, whose combined efforts to stop it were wasted. On Christmas Eve, 1803, they were married by the Rt. Rev. John Carroll, Bishop of Baltimore and Primate of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. But Betsy's triumph was of short duration; the Master of Europe was furious, and Jerome was a weakling. He cringed under his brother's wrath, and although his wife made a valiant effort to defend her marriage he gave her no effective support and the Emperor shortly had it annulled. Jerome went on to brief occupancy of the throne of Westphalia and Betsy returned to what she called "my Baltimore obscurity." It was not sweetened when three younger Baltimore girls, the daughters of Richard Caton, son-in-law of Charles Carroll, who had succeeded to Betsy's crown as the town's Beauties, became, respectively, Lady Stafford, the Duchess of Leeds and the Marchioness of Wellesley. Madame Bonaparte lived to the extraordinary age of ninety-four, outliving the son Jerome left her, and doubtless instilling something of her own spirit in her two grandsons, for one of them, Charles Joseph, rose to the President's Cabinet under the first Roosevelt.

The stormy life has been over for nearly sixty years now, and in Green Mount she is at peace; but her presence there touches the place with a glint of imperial glory and brings to these quiet avenues a hint of "battles long ago."

Not very far from Madame Bonaparte's last resting-place there is a tomb with the inscription, "I am lit with the sun." It is only two years later than hers, dating



*Harriet Lane Johnston, Founder of Harriet Lane Home for Invalid Children
in Johns Hopkins Hospital*

from 1881, and its presence there is a memorial not merely to a genius but to one of the happiest episodes in the history of the city. Under it lies the body that once was the garment of one of the gentlest spirits Baltimore ever knew—the poet, Sidney Lanier. He had been through the hell of war and it had wrecked his body; afterward grinding poverty had almost completed the ruin, when Asger Hamerik, then director of the Peabody Conservatory, gave him a new lease on life by employing him as first flute in the Conservatory orchestra. Afterward Daniel Coit Gilman, President of the Johns Hopkins University, gave him a post in the faculty and thus made possible much of his best work. It was thanks to two great men of Baltimore that, at the end of a life gray and clouded enough to have destroyed a spirit less gallant, at the last, Sidney Lanier could say with truth,

“How dark, how dark so ever the race that
must needs be run,
I am lit with the sun.”

There are many more elaborate monuments in Green Mount, but it would be hard to find one that reflects more honor on the city and its burial-place.

Benjamin H. Latrobe, the great engineer who built the famous viaduct at Relay and carried the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad over the Allegheny Mountains, also laid out Green Mount and lies buried there, along with his brother, J. H. B. Latrobe, the poet of the dedicatory ceremony, lawyer and author, and his nephew, Ferdinand C. Latrobe, Mayor of Baltimore. The founder of this extraordinarily able family, the first Benjamin, architect of the reconstructed Capitol at Washington,

and designer of the New Orleans water system, is not buried in Green Mount. He died of yellow fever at New Orleans and is buried there.

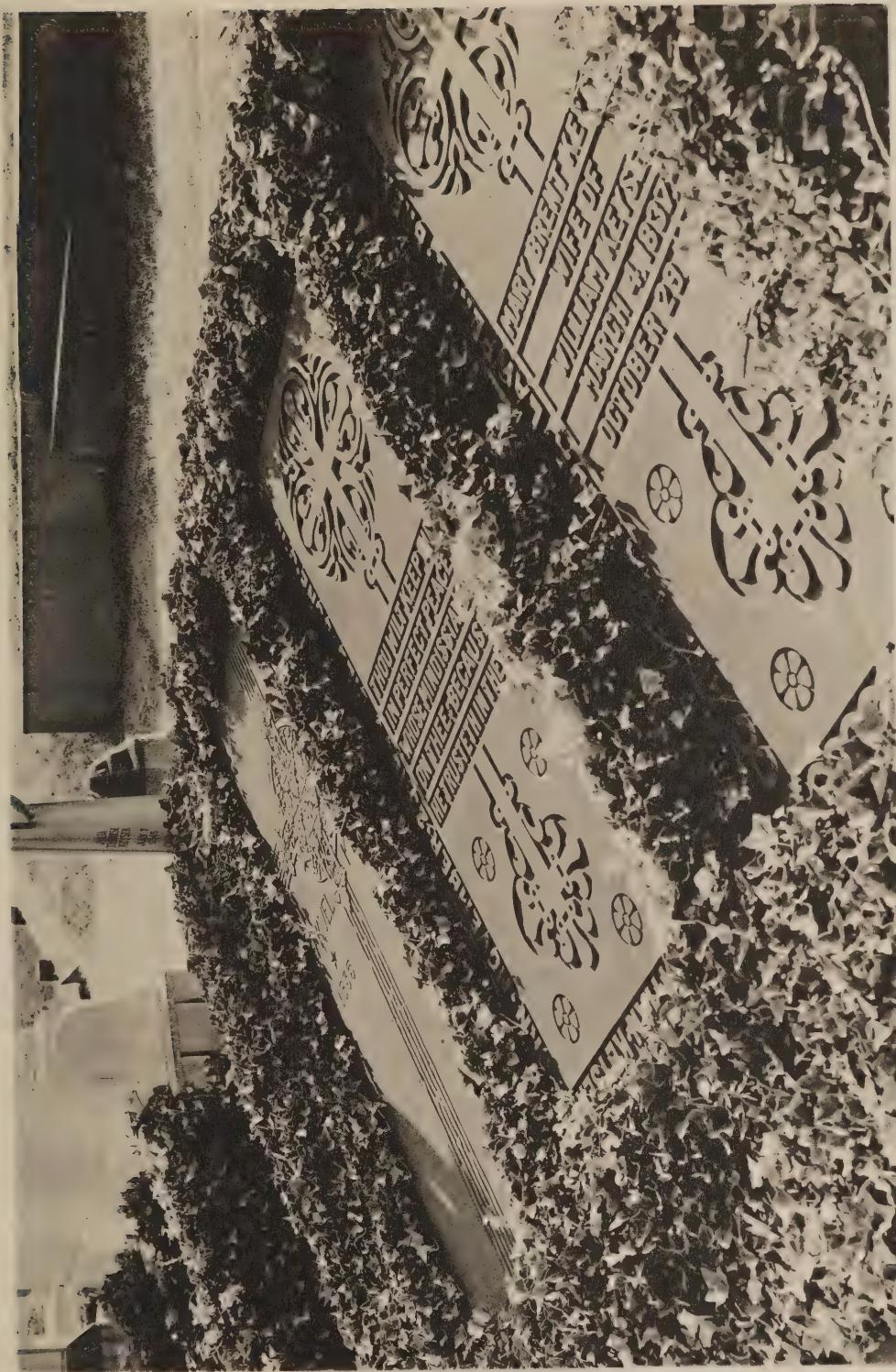
Thomas Swann, Governor of Maryland in the difficult last days of the Civil War, came to Green Mount in 1883, and a little later, as if by way of contrast, John E. Owens, held in his time to be the greatest of low comedians. Governor Frank Brown was buried there not long afterward, and Mayor McLane and, in 1894, that other lawyer-poet and friend of Latrobe, Severn Teackle Wallis, who, as lawyer, civic reformer, and generous friend gained such dominance over the Baltimore bar as had hardly been attained by any man since William Wirt.

The fourth great philanthropist, Enoch Pratt, died in 1896 and his will revealed that the city benefited from his estate not only by the public library that he had founded during his lifetime, but also by a huge addition to the gift of Moses Sheppard. The hospital has been known as the Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital ever since.

One of the most picturesque names ever inscribed in Green Mount, though, appeared there a little before that of Pratt. This was the name of Joseph Eggleston Johnston, sometime general in the service of the Confederate States of America. The fiery energy of Stonewall Jackson, and the statesmanship and lofty character of Robert E. Lee served for many years somewhat to obscure the soldierly quality of Joseph E. Johnston; but there is a respectable body of opinion among military critics today that holds him to have been the second-best soldier in the Confederate service, his only superior having been his brother, Albert Sidney. Doubtless Lee and Jackson deserve preeminence by reason of their greatness in traits



J. Wilson Leakin, Civic Benefactor



Keyser Family, Upbuilders of Baltimore

not strictly military; but there is no doubt whatever that Green Mount holds the grave of one of the best officers West Point ever produced in Joseph E. Johnston.

To attempt to list all of the eminent Baltimoreans who have been laid in Green Mount in the last half-century and to mention their achievements would be virtually to write a history of the city during the period; but a word must be said of a woman who lies there and whose memory is preserved with a graciousness that spreads its fragrance far beyond Baltimore. This is Harriet Lane Johnston, who at twenty-one was mistress of the White House for her uncle, President Buchanan; who entertained in her home the Prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII; and whose beauty of face and figure became a tradition; but her memory is lovelier yet, for she left to the city the hospital for sick children that today is the children's clinic of the Johns Hopkins Hospital and so has received and ministered to small sufferers, not from Baltimore only but from everywhere. One must mention, also, the Walters, father and son, for when Henry Walters bequeathed to Baltimore the immense art collection that he and his father had assembled their name took rank in the city with those of Sheppard, Peabody, Hopkins and Pratt, great benefactors of Baltimore. James Wilson Leakin, also, belongs in that group for his addition to the Peabody gift and to the parks of the city.

Let it be repeated, this is not the history, but only an introduction to the history, of Green Mount; and since an end must be made somewhere, let the account of the personalities connected with the place end by the side of a grave made in 1936—that of Albert Cabell Ritchie, for fifteen consecutive years Governor of Maryland, and at

least three times his State's first choice for President of the United States.

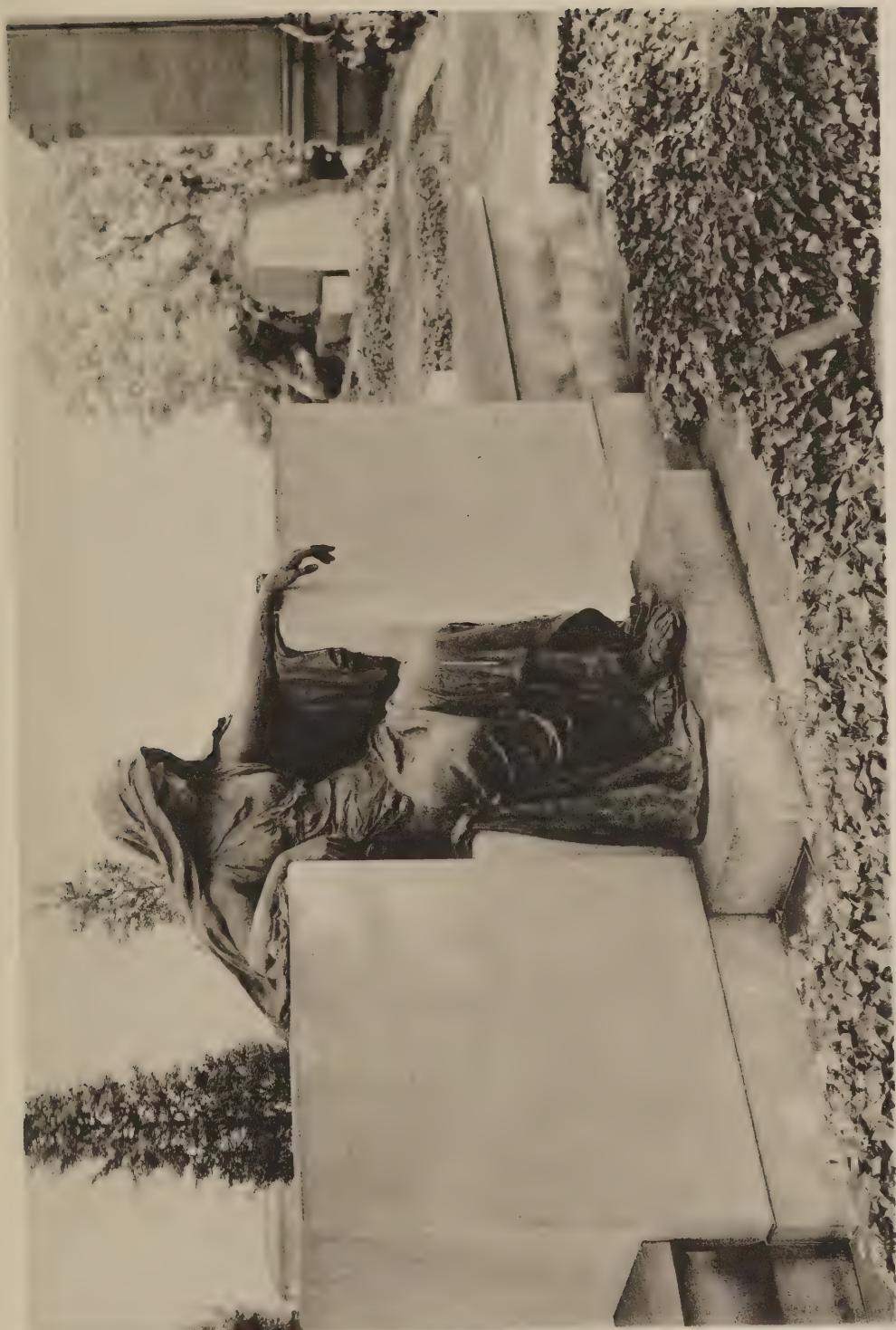
From the little girl, in 1839, to the great Governor, in 1936, is a long way, a way studded with incident, grave and gay, glorious and terrible. Baltimore, regarded with pride as a great city then, is more than eight times larger now; but in all that time perhaps Green Mount has changed less than anything else in the city.

Beyond the wall everything is altered. The city, advancing as relentlessly as the tide, has surged up all around it, and where John P. Kennedy's eyes rested upon "the tranquillity of rural life," there are today close-packed houses and thronging streets—not only alongside the wall, but for miles beyond it. But Long's gate with the battlemented towers stands guard to this day over one remaining bit of the nineteenth century. Pass under the pointed arch and you step at once back for a hundred years, back to the cool, green tranquillity the orator described. Some of the trees have disappeared, but others have been planted and have grown wide-spreading and mighty in the course of time; and the turf, scrupulously attended, is of the same emerald green. Of course, it has become in literal truth that city of the dead the orators foresaw, for today more than 54,000 former inhabitants of the city lie there.

As far as its outward aspect is concerned, however, if John P. Kennedy could rise from his grave and stand where he stood when he delivered his address, the changes that would meet his eye, aside from the multiplicity of monuments and more neatness and trimness in grass and shrubbery, would be, first, the fact that the old Oliver mansion has disappeared, giving place to a Gothic chapel in Connecticut sandstone, strongly resembling in its out-



Brown Family, Bankers and Upbuilders of Baltimore



Baetjer Family



O'Donovan Family



Marburg Family, Philanthropists and Upbuilders of Baltimore



*Robert Garrett, Banker and President of B. & O. Railroad
Mary Garrett, Founder of Bryn Mawr School and Bryn Mawr College*



Henry M. Warfield and Family

ward aspect the memorial to Sir Walter Scott in Princes Street, Edinburgh; and, second, he would see, far behind him, the octagonal walls of a marble palace, the mausoleum which is the Green Mount of future generations.

No great change, Mr. Kennedy might say to himself, and with reason, for the avoidance of abrupt and radical change has been one of the guiding principles of those who have had Green Mount's affairs in hand all through the century. Yet there is change, and very radical change, in the physical equipment of the institution. It is simply that the intensely modern elements have been introduced so unobtrusively that they must be sought for before they can be discovered.

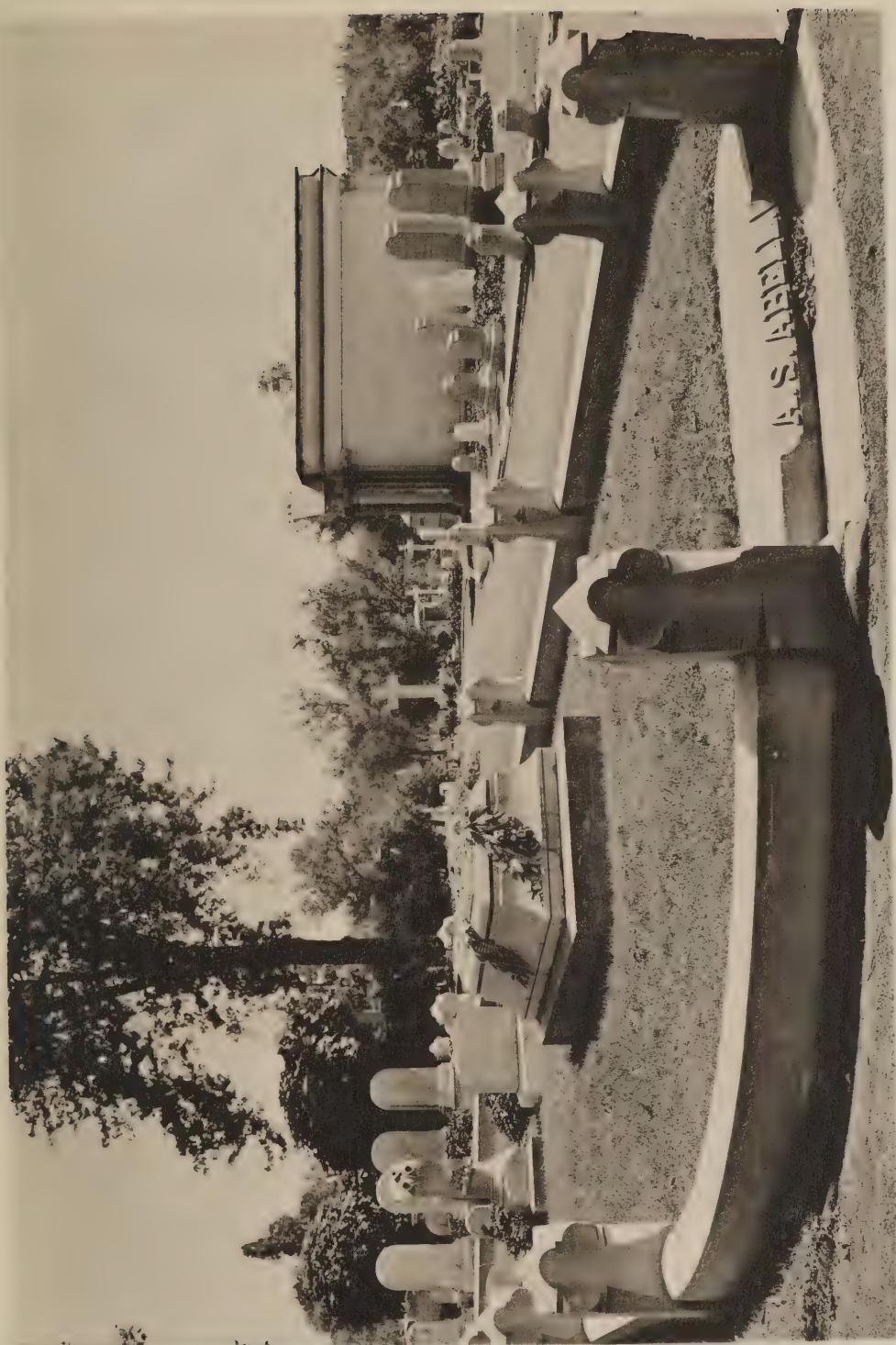
That chapel, for instance, is obviously old. Indeed, its walls date back to 1856, and the interior, with its vaulted roof and slender, clustered columns dates, in spirit, much farther back—back to the cathedrals of the Middle Ages, to Chartres and Lincoln and Rheims. Such a chapel a French king, or a great feudal lord, might have erected for the private devotions of himself and his family—such, indeed, they did erect. This is all that meets the eye. But this quaint little building, designed by Niernsee and Neilson, and apparently a relic preserved from a simpler and more graceful age, is in reality a marvel of modern scientific progress. Here, completely concealed from sight, is the crematory, for the service of those who are oppressed by all the emblems of mortality, and who desire most of all the swift return of the body to the elements of which it was made.

Within the last year many thousands of dollars have been literally buried in the chapel; for it is in a chamber excavated for the purpose under the floor that the equip-

ment has been installed for the reduction of the body to ashes. The latest advances of modern science are represented here, so installed and arranged as to function with great rapidity, with no harrowing incidents, and with the least possible distress to the families involved. This had been the one service that Green Mount was unable to offer a bereaved family. Now it has been supplied and without the intrusion upon its serenity of any visible incongruity. It is a striking demonstration of how, if sufficient resourcefulness be granted, modernization can be effected without any sacrifice of the spirit of old and more tranquil days.

The mausoleum, on the other hand, is frankly new. Its cornerstone was laid by General Lawrason Riggs, President of the Board, on October 29, 1929, ninety years after the dedication of the cemetery, and seventy-three years after completion of the chapel. Not the slightest attempt has been made to give it a false appearance of age, nor did the architects, Messrs. Riggin Buckler and G. Corner Fenhagen, strive to imitate the taste or style of the past. The building is frankly modern in every aspect, but it has been brought into harmonious agreement with its surroundings by the majestic serenity of its straight, simple lines.

In some respects this building constitutes one of the most interesting phases of Green Mount's history. The problem was much more than merely one of architecture and engineering. As far as surface area was concerned, Green Mount was approaching the end of its resources. To widen its boundaries seemed to the proprietors neither practicable nor desirable. The question then was how to devise some other way of extending to future generations the usefulness of an institution woven into the very fab-



Arunah S. Abell Family, Owners and Publishers of The Baltimore Sun



Thornton Rollins, Merchant. Owner of Fleet of Chesapeake Clippers
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Samuel Ready, Founder of School for Girls

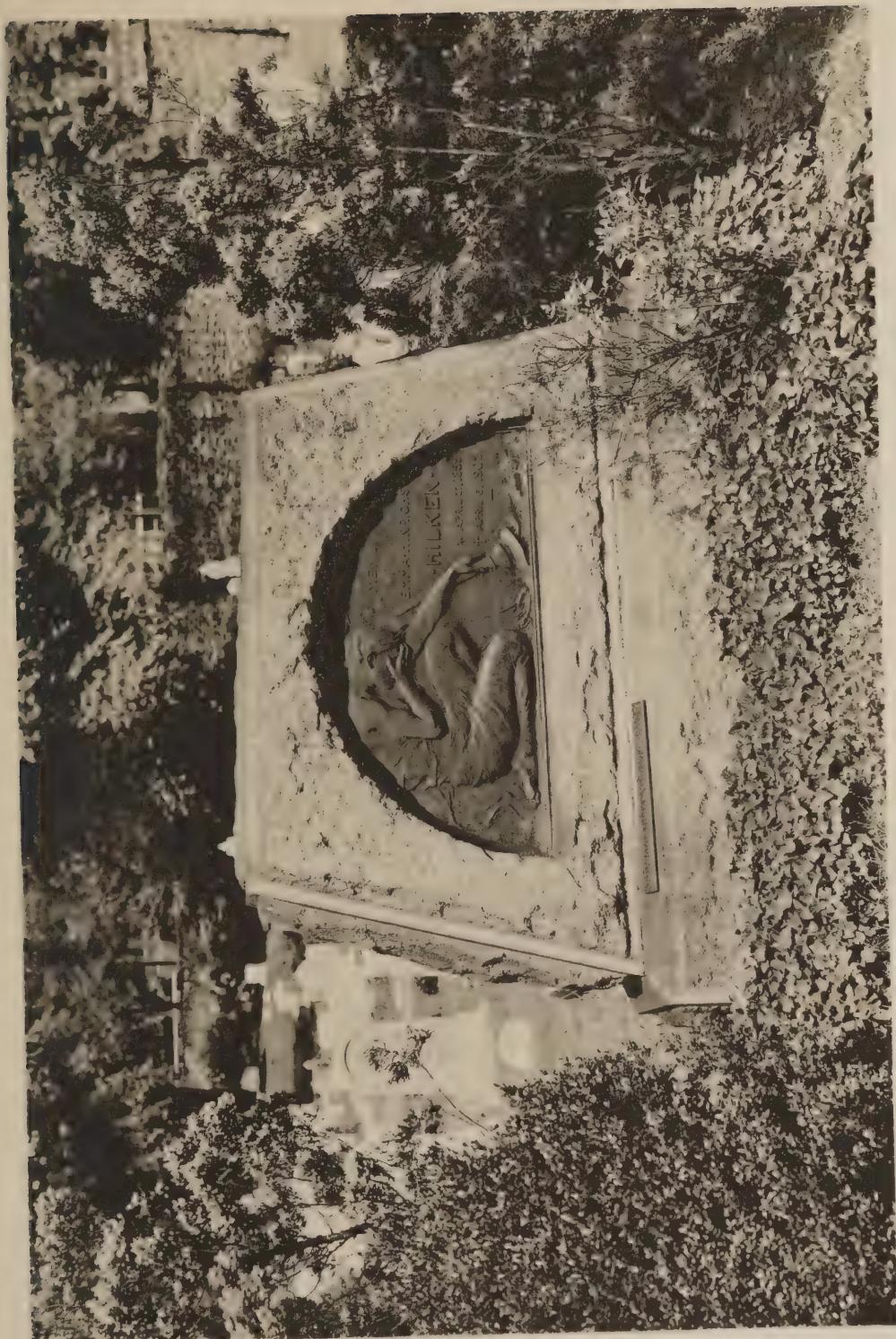


St. Andrew's Society

[68]



Tucker



Hilken Family. Henry C. Hilken, Merchant and German Consul

ric of the city's life by the traditions and associations of a hundred years. There were other old cemeteries in Baltimore, but the oldest of them, long ago filled, had faded, little by little, from the thoughts and even from the memories of men. No longer useful, they had come to be less and less regarded by a busy city.

A mausoleum obviously would extend the usefulness of the cemetery by many years, possibly for another century; but it was just as obvious that the wrong kind of mausoleum would make it no longer Green Mount. Through all its long and varied history the keynote of the place has been quiet dignity; and the architects were commissioned to strike this keynote, regardless of period or style. How well they executed their commission, any observer may see for himself. It is vastly different from Long's crenelated towers at the gate, or the elaborate Gothic that Niernsee and Neilson put into the chapel, but it attains a tranquillity that neither of them approached. Indeed, to a philosopher there may be something a bit ironic in contemplation of these three buildings—the gate, dating from the forties and the chapel from the fifties of the last century, both decades which we are accustomed to regard as far more quiet and peaceful than the frantic, furious Jazz Age that culminated almost on the very day the cornerstone of the mausoleum was laid, and yet it is the mausoleum, far more than the other two, that embodies the very spirit of repose.

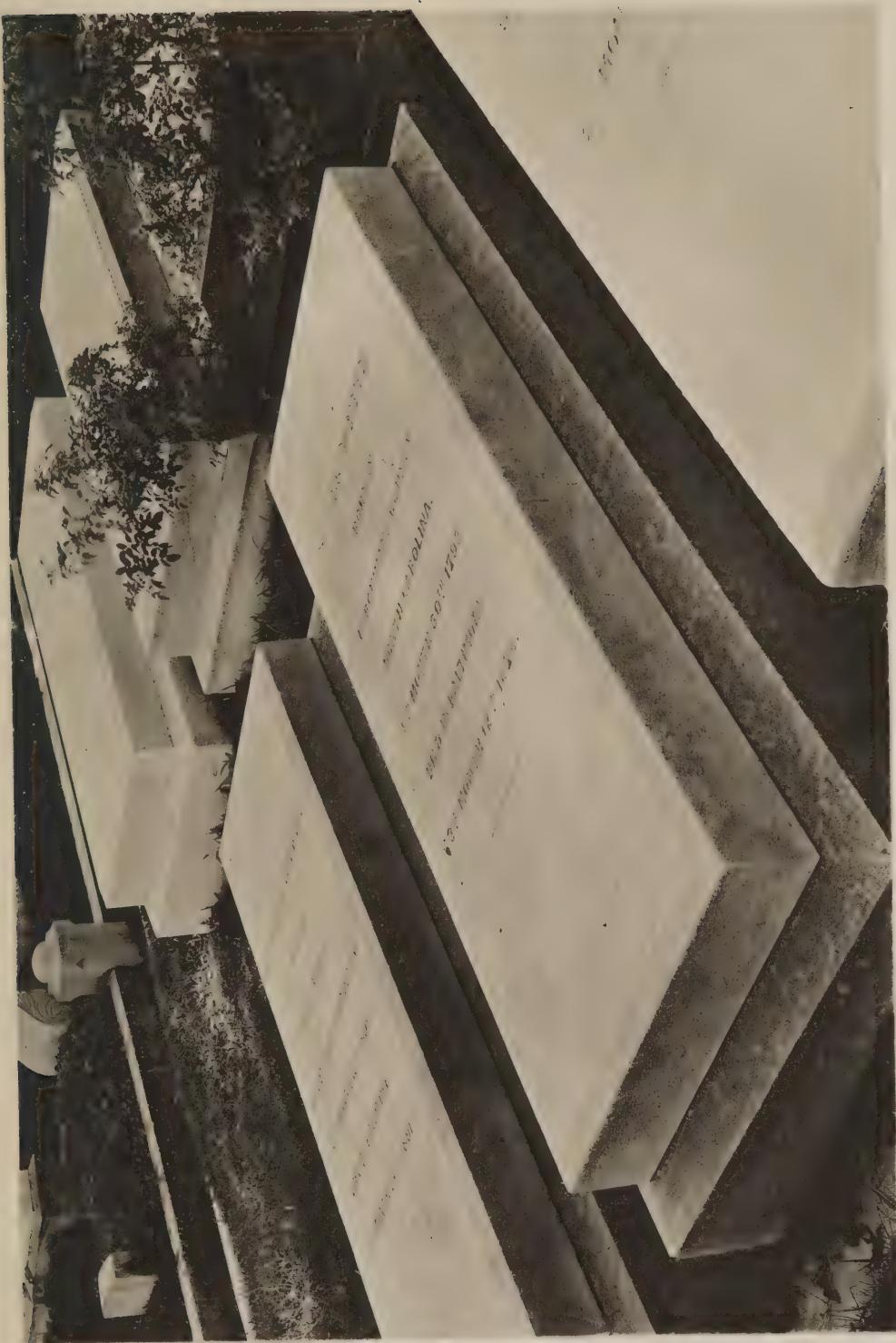
The explanation is, of course, that the architects were expressing, not the time in which they worked, but Green Mount. Here it all is—lovely, but quiet; rich, but restrained; serious, but mellow, gathering up within its mighty walls a long and eventful history, proud of the past, cognizant of the brevity of human life, but

calmly confident of the greatness of the human spirit. This is the Green Mount of the present and of the future, widely different in every physical aspect from the old one, but still essentially Green Mount, still the final place of repose of those who love the old city and those whose labors shall add lustre to its name.





John McDonogh, Founder of McDonogh School for Boys



Miles White, the Elder, Philanthropist. Friend and Connection of Johns Hopkins



James Swan Frick, Lawyer and Liberal Friend of Baltimore



Thomas Swann, Mayor of Baltimore and Governor of Maryland

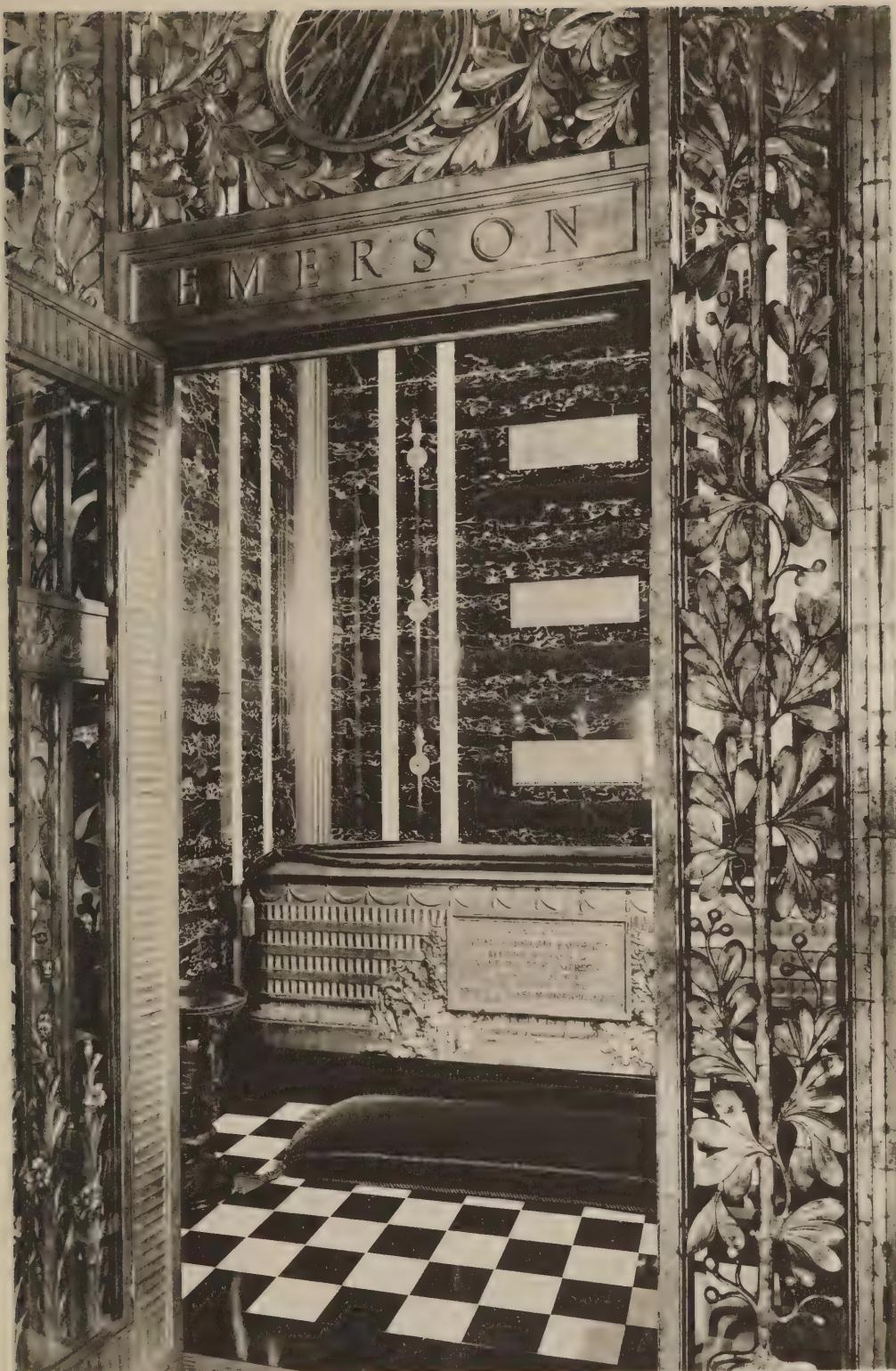
Mausoleum Chapel

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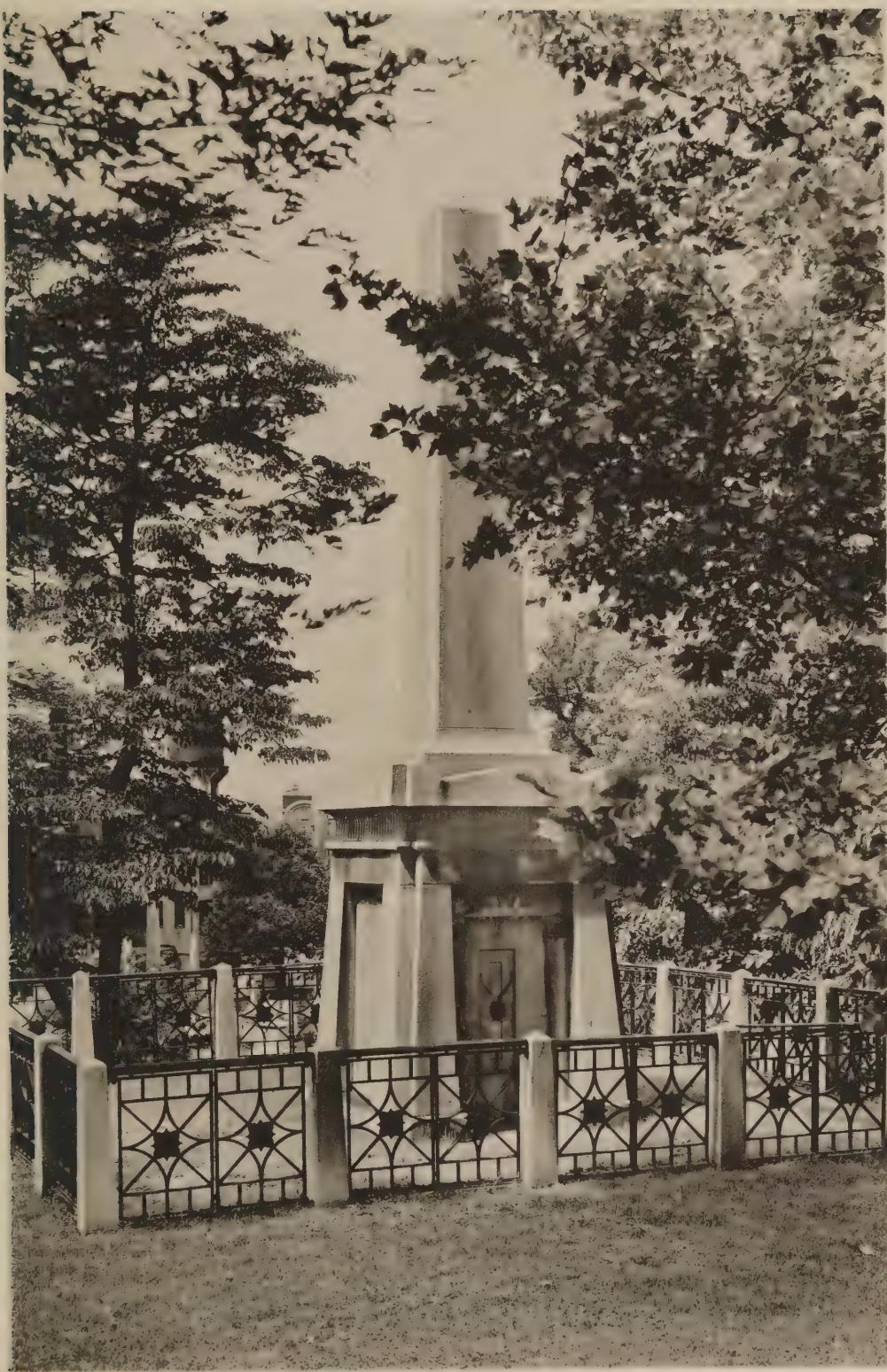




Mausoleum Crypts



Mausoleum Private Interment Chapel



Oliver Family Lot, Original Owners of Green Mount



Oliver Home, as altered about 1820

Historical Account of ROBERT OLIVER & GREEN MOUNT *by J. HALL PLEASANTS*

THE LAND OCCUPIED by Green Mount Cemetery, a tract of some sixty-eight acres, was part of a larger estate which had been brought together piecemeal for a country home at the close of the eighteenth century by Robert Oliver, the leading Baltimore merchant of his day. He began to acquire land in this neighborhood in the year 1793 and continued to add to his holdings until shortly before his death in 1834. The tract which is now Green Mount is made up of portions of three original grants made by the lords Baltimore in the latter part of the seventeenth and the early years of the eighteenth centuries. These grants bore the picturesque names, Salisbury Plain, Haile's Folly, and Hanson's Wood Lot. In the course of the eighteenth century these plantations had been many times subdivided and sold by the original owners or by their heirs. Robert Oliver was to gather together many of these small farms and weld them into a beautiful country estate, a century or more after the Lord Proprietary had granted them to prospective settlers.

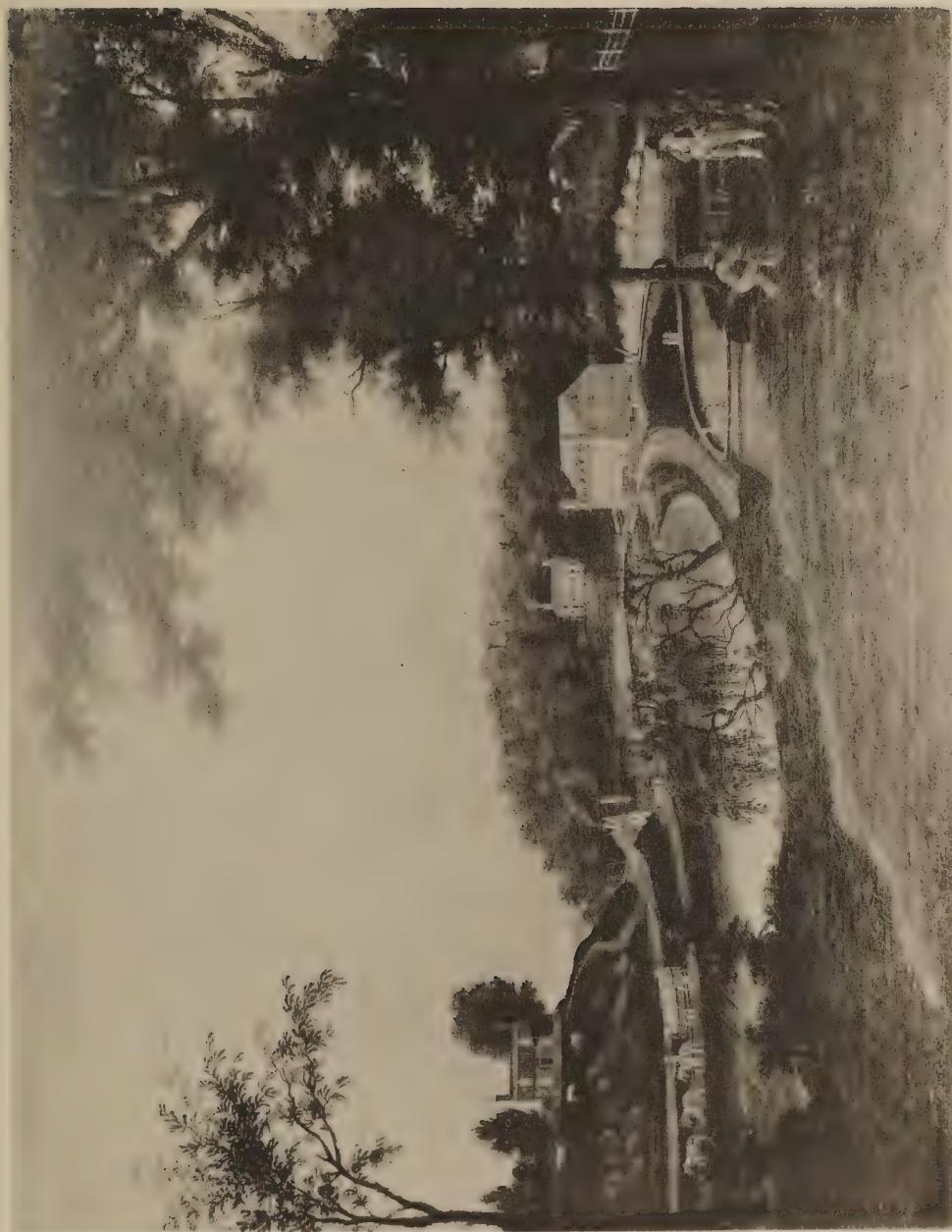
The first of the three original grants was called Salisbury Plain. This was patented in 1670 to two planters, Robert Benjer and Thomas Pert, and was doubtless named after the native heath in England of one of these

two patentees. Salisbury Plain, lying in what is now Baltimore, was an irregular triangular tract of a hundred acres extending north and south between what are now Eager and Lanvale streets, and eastward from a point near the intersection of Charles Street and Mount Royal Avenue to include the southwestern section of Green Mount. The site of the Robert Oliver house, the hill where the chapel now stands, lay just within the easternmost bounds of Salisbury Plain. From this hill Robert Oliver had an uninterrupted view of the valley of Jones' Falls, which, flowing through the western portion of Salisbury Plain, made a loop east to within a few hundred yards of the main Green Mount entrance, now the gatehouse. The Falls itself, a precipitous, rocky stream, was dammed at frequent intervals along its course to furnish power to the flour mills which dotted its banks. The view of the Jones' Falls valley as described in such grandiose terms by John P. Kennedy in his oration delivered at the opening of the cemetery in 1839, and as shown in two old paintings made about the year 1800, must have been a very picturesque one. These two attractive oil paintings, which are reproduced in this book, are by Francis Guy, the first Maryland landscape painter, and are views up and down stream of the valley of the Falls at the Hanson-Pennington Mills, located at that time near what is now the intersection of Preston Street and the Fallsway.

The northeastern and southern sections of Green Mount are in great part carved out of Hanson's Wood Lot, patented in 1731 by Jonathan Hanson, a Quaker miller from Pennsylvania who early in the century had built his flour mills in the valley of Jones Falls on Salisbury Plain.



View from Green Mount of Jones Falls Valley



View from Green Mount of Jones Falls Valley

The third tract, a portion of which also went to make up Green Mount, was Haile's Folly, a wedge of land between portions of Hanson's Wood Lot, forming the central part of the cemetery. This was patented in 1702 for one hundred acres by Nicholas Haile, an early settler and large landowner.

Little is known of these early planters, Benjer, Pert, and Haile, who took up lands in what was then the forest, or backwoods, beyond the older plantations along the shores of the Patapsco, before the town to be named Baltimore was dreamed of. This Baltimore Town, which was established in 1729, after a slow growth for two decades, suddenly became a bustling shipping place, and the large plantations which surrounded it were subdivided into smaller farms or lots for merchants' country homes. It was a number of these subdivisions of the three old plantations that Robert Oliver brought together at no inconsiderable cost to form the country estate to which he gave the name Green Mount.

We need not concern ourselves here with the ownership of the various lots which he thus brought together, except to say that the first lot, a part of Salisbury Plain, containing three and a half acres, was purchased by him in 1793 from a certain George Salmon for two thousand dollars. In 1817 the Green Mount estate contained a hundred and seven and a half acres, which Oliver had bought in thirteen different parcels at a total cost of \$25,221. He continued, however, to add to his holdings from time to time until his death, and it is probable that the Green Mount of today, with its sixty-eight acres, is about half the size of the Robert Oliver country place. The lot which he first acquired is shown on the Warner and Hanna map of Baltimore, made in 1801, as occupied

by Salmon and as lying just south of the Oliver house which stood where the chapel now stands. The Salmon house appears on the map as at the foot of the hill below the Oliver house, not far from the present Hoffman Street wall. It would thus appear that Oliver had allowed Salmon to continue to occupy as a tenant the house he had sold eight years before, possibly until the Oliver house was completed. On this same map in the northern section of the cemetery there are the two houses marked "Walsh" and a small house marked "Eichelberger." These three houses and the Salmon house must have been torn down soon after the map appeared in 1801.

Two streams once ran through Green Mount. The larger, known as the Mill Run, arose in the neighborhood of Waverly and running south entered the cemetery near what is now the intersection of North and Homewood avenues. It flowed through the northwest corner of the cemetery, leaving it about where the upper gate on Greenmount Avenue now stands, and after crossing the York Road, ran south to the present Oliver Street, where it turned sharply west and entered Jones' Falls, near the "Wading Place," as it was called. The Mill Run must have been a troublesome stream when in flood and one difficult to keep within its banks, for a few years after the cemetery opened, a rock-paved canal was built to hold it within bounds. Later the stream entirely disappeared from view in a storm-water underground drain built to carry off its waters.

Another and smaller stream, called on old plats the Boring Spring Branch, flowed across the southern part of the cemetery. This branch derived its name from John Boring, a local planter who had become the owner of



Robert Oliver

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Haile's Folly some time before 1750. This branch, which arose near the Harford Road, was fed by a spring on the Green Mount grounds, still to be seen at the foot of the hill to the southeast of the chapel. It is now enclosed in a vault-like spring house which is scarcely noticed at all by the casual passerby. The Boring Spring Branch joined the larger Mill branch just across the road from the main entrance of Green Mount, and thus reached the Falls. This stream is no longer to be seen as it, like the Mill branch, is now carried underground. Old plats of the Green Mount of Oliver's time show a pool marked "Fish Pond" just to the east of the main gatehouse.

Plats of the year 1801 show a densely wooded area towards the center of the cemetery, apparently located on the Haile's Folly portion of Green Mount, but few of the trees which stood in Robert Oliver's days have survived. Probably the two large English elms at the entrance date from his time. The stone wall now surrounding Green Mount was of course erected after it became a cemetery. With the exception of the York Road, none of the now familiar adjoining streets were laid out when Oliver lived there. When he began to acquire the Green Mount estate, a country road passed diagonally through the northern part of the property. This road, which ran in a southeasterly direction to North Point, was called the Point Road. The York Road, which in earlier days was known as the Brittain Ridge Rolling Road, was later to become Greenmount Avenue. The principal entrance to the Oliver estate was from the York Road where the main gatehouse now stands.

As we have already seen, the Oliver mansion stood on the site now occupied by the chapel. The original house was probably built about the year 1800. Just how it

looked in Robert Oliver's time may be learned from a large water color drawing presented in 1934 to the Maryland Historical Society by the late H. Oliver Thompson, a great-grandson of the former owner. This water color wash drawing, with poor perspective, is apparently an architect's sketch made about the year 1830, when the original house was about to acquire on its western end an additional and elaborate neo-classic façade. The original house which faced south was, as shown in this water color, a dignified, moderate-sized gentleman's home, of a style so often followed about the close of the eighteenth century. The drawing shows on the west end of the house an addition with a neo-classic two-story pedimented portico and heavy Roman Doric columns, which now became the front of the building. The light color of the entire exterior indicates that it was probably covered with plaster.

The original house was doubtless built by Robert Oliver six or seven years after he began to acquire Green Mount. The ornate front and the addition on the west end were probably added about the third decade of the century, when the craze for the classical in architecture resulted in so many simple, dignified, old houses being deformed by the addition of porticos, more appropriate for Roman temples. It was probably after this new front had been added that the Green Mount residence became generally known as the "Oliver Mansion." Among his family it was sometimes called, doubtless facetiously, "Mahogany Hall."

There is a terse description of Robert Oliver by John H. B. Latrobe, who as a young man had known Oliver well, in his *Recollections of Old Baltimore*, that is worth quoting: "The leading merchant, Robert Oliver — a

merchant prince with his grand physique, noble bearing, generosity and geniality, was an Irishman, and the firm of Robert and John Oliver was known throughout the world." At his country seat, Green Mount, at his town house on Gay Street, and at the hunting lodge on his Gunpowder River game preserve, Harewood, his hospitality was noted, and no foreign visitor of prominence visited Baltimore without recording the kindness received at his hands.



The Men Who Have Guided GREEN MOUNT

COL. SAMUEL MOORE was the first President of Green Mount, although Fielding Lucas, Sr., who had been named in the act creating the corporation, had acted as chairman during the period of organization. Serving on the board with Colonel Moore were William Gwynn, Samuel D. Walker, who was treasurer; John H. B. Latrobe, John S. Lafitte and Fielding Lucas. This board was named in December, 1837, and remained intact until January 7, 1839, when Colonel Moore and William Gwynn resigned and the board was reconstituted with Christian Keener as President and Fielding Lucas, Thomas Wilson, Joseph P. Grant, Walter Farnandis and John B. Howell as members. January 27, 1840, Thomas Whitridge and S. D. Walker were added. January 2, 1843, Thomas Wilson was elected President, succeeding Keener, resigned. February 4, 1847, H. C. Murray and Hugh Jenkins were elected members of the board, and April 1 of the same year Henry Hardisty was made President. November 30, 1854, Miles White was elected a member and exactly a year later John H. B. Latrobe became President and William F. Lucas was added to the board. Patrick Gibson came on the board May 6, 1855, and apparently it went unchanged for sixteen years, for the next addition seems to have been J. Stricker Jenkins, elected January 3, 1871. January 5, 1874, George H. Williams was

on, and January 9, 1877, Francis White. January 2, 1879, Benjamin W. Jenkins appeared, and January 9, 1882, Skipwith Wilmer. March 11, 1889, B. F. Newcomer was elected. October 6, 1891, William F. Lucas was elected President and John A. Whitridge and H. Irvin Keyser were elected members. January 25, 1897, John A. Whitridge became President. November 11, 1901, Henry J. Bowdoin and Blanchard Randall were elected members. October 6, 1904, Randolph Barton came in as a member, and May 8, 1906, Lawrason Riggs. September 5, 1907, Randolph Barton was elected President, and Miles White, Jr., was made a member. May 5, 1910, William F. Lucas became a member. April 7, 1921, Lawrason Riggs was elected President and Morris Whitridge was made a member of the board. December 6, 1923, Dr. J. Hall Pleasants was made a member of the board, Carlyle Barton November 8, 1928, and November 12, 1936, Charles H. Baetjer came in.

These are the men who have guided the destinies of Green Mount since its foundation, and to anyone who knows Baltimore their very names are evidence of how intimately it has been connected with the history of the city.

At a meeting of the persons named in an act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at December session 1837, entitled an act to incorporate the Proprietors of The Green Mount Cemetery, present:

William Gwynn	Samuel D. Walker
John S. Skinner	John S. Lafitte
Fielding Lucas, Sr.	John H. B. Latrobe

Fielding Lucas, Sr. was appointed Chairman, and John H. B. Latrobe, Secretary.

December 1837

Col. Samuel Moore elected
President
William Gwynn
Samuel D. Walker, Treas.
John H. B. Latrobe
John S. Lafitte
Fielding Lucas

January 1839

Col. Samuel Moore resigned as
President
William Gwynn resigned

January 7, 1839

Christian Keener elected Presi-
dent
Fielding Lucas
Thomas Wilson
Joseph P. Grant
Walter Farnandis
John B. Howell

January 27, 1840

Christian Keener, President
Fielding Lucas
Joseph P. Grant
Walter Farnandis
Thomas Wilson
Thomas Whitridge
S. D. Walker

January 2, 1843

Christian Keener resigned as
President
Thomas Wilson elected Presi-
dent

February 4, 1847

H. C. Murray elected member
of Board
Hugh Jenkins elected member
of Board

April 1, 1847

Henry Hardisty elected Presi-
dent

November 30, 1854

Miles White elected member of
Board

November 30, 1855

John H. B. Latrobe elected
President
Hugh Jenkins
Walter Farnandis
Joseph P. Grant
Miles White
William F. Lucas

May 6, 1855

Patrick Gibson

November 30, 1860

John H. B. Latrobe

Hugh Jenkins

Patrick Gibson

H. C. Murray

Wm. F. Lucas

Miles White

November 29, 1862

John H. B. Latrobe, President

Miles White

Hugh Jenkins

William F. Lucas

H. C. Murray

Patrick Gibson

January 3, 1871

J. Stricker Jenkins elected member of Board

January 5, 1874

John H. B. Latrobe, President

Miles White

J. Stricker Jenkins

Geo. H. Williams

William F. Lucas

Henry C. Murray

January 9, 1877

John H. B. Latrobe, President

Francis White

George H. Williams

J. Stricker Jenkins

H. C. Murray

William F. Lucas

January 2, 1879

John H. B. Latrobe

Francis White

William F. Lucas

George H. Williams

Benjamin W. Jenkins

George H. Williams

January 9, 1882

Skipwith Wilmer elected member of Board

March 11, 1889

George H. Williams died

B. F. Newcomer elected member of Board

October 6, 1891

William F. Lucas, Sr. elected President

John A. Whitridge elected member of Board

H. Irvin Keyser elected member of Board

Francis White

Skipwith Wilmer

B. F. Newcomer

January 25, 1897

John A. Whitridge elected President

<i>November 11, 1901</i>	<i>December 10, 1909</i>
Henry J. Bowdoin elected member of Board	H. Irvin Keyser resigned
Blanchard Randall elected member of Board	<i>May 5, 1910</i>
	William F. Lucas, Jr. elected member of Board
<i>October 6, 1904</i>	
Randolph Barton elected member of Board	<i>April 7, 1921</i>
	Lawrason Riggs elected President
<i>May 8, 1906</i>	Morris Whitridge elected member of Board
Lawrason Riggs elected member of Board	
<i>September 5, 1907</i>	<i>December 6, 1923</i>
Randolph Barton elected President	Dr. J. Hall Pleasants elected member of Board
<i>September 5, 1907</i>	<i>November 8, 1928</i>
Miles White, Jr. elected member of Board	Carlyle Barton elected member of Board
<i>November 12, 1936</i>	
Charles H. Baetjer elected member of Board	

